

+ Hymns +

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Rev. A. R. Bonar.

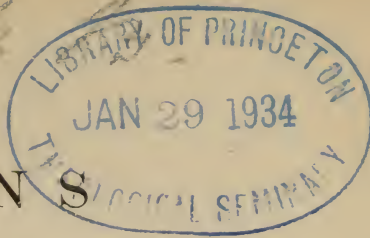
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H Y M N S

FOR

The Use of Christian Families

AND OF

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY

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AUTHOR OF "A WEEK'S COURSE OF PRAYERS FOR FAMILIES," ETC., ETC.

EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

1863.



P R E F A C E.

Two EDITIONS of this Work, in a somewhat different and less extended form, have appeared. The acceptance these met with has induced the Editor now to offer a third; to a very considerable extent re-arranged, and each part having been carefully revised, while a few additional Hymns have been included. For certain of these the Editor alone is responsible.

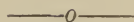
The Work, such as it is, is now humbly commended anew,—with earnest wishes that they may be successful in storing the youthful mind with sacred truth, and impressing it upon conscience,—to the attention of Sabbath School Teachers, and heads of Christian households.

A. R. B.

September 1863.



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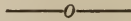
H Y M N S
FOR
THE USE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS
AND
CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

1. Adoration. C. M.

“ Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast
perfected praise.”

- 1 How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky ;
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty !
- 2 How great His power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large His grace ;
Nor men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before His face.
- 3 Nor angels that stand round the Lord,
Can search His secret will ;
But they obey His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

- 4 Then let us join this holy train,
 And early off'rings bring ;
 The mighty God will not disdain
 To hear our voices sing.
- 5 Our hearts resolve, our tongues obey,
 And angels shall rejoice
 To hear their mighty Maker's praise,
 Sung by the feeblest voice.



2.

Morning Hymn.

L. M.

“My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord ; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.”

- 1 Awake my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem,
 Each present day thy last esteem ;
 Improve thy talent with due care ;
 For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience like the noon-day clear,
 Think how all-seeing God surveys
 Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.
- 4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,—

Who all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

5 Glory to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my sins like evening dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

7 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole service may unite.

8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

—o—

3. Morning Hymn. (II.)

L. M.

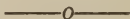
1 Now that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

2 May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life,

And guard with watchful care our eyes
From looking on earth's vanities.

3 O let our inmost hearts be pure,
From thoughts of folly kept secure,
That we, when this day's work is done,
May have one step to glory won.

4 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee;
Whom with the Spirit we adore,
For ever and for evermore.



4.

Evening Hymn.

L. M.

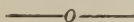
“ Who giveth songs in the night.”

1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

- 4 Now let my soul on Thee repose,
And let sweet sleep my eyelids close,—
Sleep that shall me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let not ill dreams disturb my rest,
Nor powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Oh, may I soon in endless day
For ever chase dark night away ;
Praise Thee with the eternal choir,
For ever sing, and never tire !
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below :
Praise Him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



5. *Hymn for Night.*

7s.

“ The night also is Thine.”

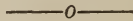
- 1 Weary go I to repose :
Soon the heavy eye will close :
Father ! let Thy glory shine
Round this lowly couch of mine !
- 2 Have I any evil done ?
Look not on it, holiest One ;—

Jesus' blood, through Thy rich grace,
Every blemish can efface.

3 Keep our little household band,
God of mercy! in Thy hand:—
Rich or poor, where'er they be,
Let their souls be blest by Thee.

4 Father! grant Thy children rest!
Fill with peace the aching breast:
For the darkness give them light,
For their grief shed down delight.

A. R. B.



6.

Night-Waking.

L. M.

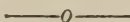
“ In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.”

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou art near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Have spurned to-day the voicé divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.



7. The Divine Power.

C. M.

“ Great is the Lord and of great power ; His understanding
is infinite.”

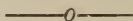
- 1 The Lord our God is Lord of all,
His station who can find ?
We see Him in the rains that fall,
We hear Him in the wind.
- 2 The Lord our God is full of might :
The stars obey His will ;
He speaks, and in His heavenly light
The rolling sun stands still.
- 3 If in the gloom of night we shroud,
His face we cannot fly ;

We see Him in the coming cloud,
And in the morning sky.

4 He lives, He reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows
To where, amidst the burning sand
The fiery tempest glows.

5 He smiles, we live—He frowns, we die—
We hang upon His word ;
Who rears His red right arm on high,
And ruin marks His road.

6 Ye nations bend, in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod ;
And bid the choral song ascend
To praise the Lord our God.



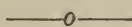
8. Birth in a Christian Land. L. M.

“ The lot is cast into the lap ; but the whole disposing thereof
is of the Lord.”

1 'Tis to Thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground,
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

2 I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold ;
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

- 3 How should we pity those who dwell
 Where ignorance and darkness reigns?
 Who know no heaven, and fear no hell,
 Those endless joys, those endless pains.
- 4 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
 May kindle hope and warm desire;
 And faithful preachers of Thy word
 Warn us to flee eternal fire.
- 5 Thy praise should still employ our breath,
 Since Thou hast marked the way to heaven:
 Nor would we run the way to death,
 And waste the blessings Thou hast given.



9.

The Sabbath.

L. M.

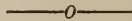
“Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from
 polluting it.”

- 1 Now met to pray, and bless Thy name
 Whose mercies flow each day the same,
 Whose kind compassions never cease;
 We seek instruction, pardon, peace.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
 But there's a nobler rest above!
 O may we all that rest attain,
 From sin, from sorrow, and from pain;
- 3 That in Thy kingdom we may be
 From every mortal trouble free—

Where sighs ne'er mingle with the songs
That echo from immortal tongues ;

4 Nor rude alarms of raging foes,
Nor cares can break that blest repose,
Nor midnight shade, nor clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long expected day ! begin,
Dawn on this world of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this drear abode,
To rest from sin and sleep in God.



10. For Dismission of Sabbath School. L. M.

“ This is the day which the Lord hath made ; we will rejoice
and be glad in it.”

1 Impress on each young heart, we pray,
The truths and lessons of the day,
And hear us, while supplies we seek
Of grace to guide us through the week.

2 Our trust is in Thy strength alone :
We lean on nothing of our own :
The blood of Christ is all our plea,
And our whole wish to live to Thee.

3 Now may the peace Thy children know,
Attend us as we homeward go ;
And may each soul, to Jesus given,
Feel one day's journey nearer heaven.

11.

Darkness Coming.

S. M.

“I laid me down and slept : I awaked : for the Lord
sustained me.”

- 1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear,—
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all vain fears :
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize
And on to glory run :
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in Thy bosom rest,—
The bosom of Thy love.

12. Light after Darkness.

L. M.

“ There remaineth a rest for the people of God.”

- 1 Home of the blessed! Oh how bright
And glorious rise Thy walls of light!
May we, through Christ, an entrance win
Afar from sorrow, death, and sin.
- 2 No sound of arms or wrath is there,
Ascending in the tranquil air;
No hostile form may there appear,
No touch be felt of sin or fear.
- 3 Home of the blessed! we would go
Forth from the darken'd world below,—
Home, where Thy ransomed sin no more,
But reign in bliss for evermore.
- 4 “ Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below :
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.” A. R. B.

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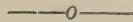
13. Thankfulness.

C. M.

“ Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.”

- 1 THANKS for the love that sent the Christ!
Thanks for the Lord who came;
Thanks for the grace that brought Him down
To suffer death and shame.

- 2 We praise the love that gave the blood—
 The blood of Christ once shed,
 That speaks of life for man laid down—
 The Living for the dead.
- 3 Thanks for the power that wonders wrought
 A darkened world to save ;
 The power that conquered Satan's might
 And captive led the grave.
- 4 Thanks for the peace which God imparts
 To every heart contrite ;
 Thanks for the words that Jesus spake,—
 Thanks for His cheering light.
- 5 Thanks for that glorious heaven above,
 The realm so bright and fair,
 Where praise unceasingly ascends
 To God who answers prayer.
- 6 Thanks to Jehovah, Three in One,
 Our Tower and Refuge nigh ;
 Who loves to list the heartfelt song,
 And hears the mourner's cry. A. R. B.



14. The Divine Goodness. C. M.

“The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over
 all His works.”

- 1 God in the high and holy place
 Looks down upon the spheres ;

- Yet in His providence and grace
To ev'ry eye appears.
- 2 He bows the heavens—the mountains stand
A highway for our God ;
He walks amidst the desert land,
'Tis Eden where He trod.
- 3 The forests in His strength rejoice—
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.
- 4 Here on the hills He feeds His herds,
His flocks on yonder plains ;
His praise is warbled by the birds
In sweet and tuneful strains.
- 5 In every stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In every breeze His kindness blows,
The breath of life and health.
- 6 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.
- 7 If God hath made this world so fair
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found.

15.

God Omniscient.

L. M.

“ Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit ? or whither shalt I flee
from Thy presence ? ”

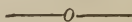
- 1 Among the deepest shades of night,
Can there be One that sees my way ?
Yes ; God is like a shining light
That turns the darkness into day.
- 2 When every eye around me sleeps
May I not sin without control ?
No ; for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human foot had never trod ;
Yet there I could not be alone,
On every side there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven, He frowns in hell ;
He fills the air, the earth, the seas,
I must within His presence dwell ;
I cannot from His anger flee.
- 5 Yes !—I may go,—He shews me where :
Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly ;
And when He sees me weeping there,
There’s mercy beaming in His eye.

16. Children's Hosannas.

C. M.

“ They that seek Me early shall find Me.”

- 1 Children of old, hosannas sang,
To praise the Saviour's name;
We, too, would join our youthful song
To celebrate His fame.
- 2 We bless the Lord for all His gifts,
For life, for food, and friends;
We bless Him for the Word of life,
The precious gift He sends.
- 3 We praise His name that we are taught
To keep His sacred day,
And that we have been brought to join
With those that praise and pray.
- 4 O may we prize those favours well,
Nor let them be in vain;
Teach babes and sucklings, Lord, to raise
Their songs to Thee again.



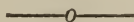
17. God a Father.

L. M.

“ I will receive you and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord God Almighty.”

- 1 Great God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?

- I a weak child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.
- 2 Art Thou my Father? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
And wilt Thou listen to the praise
That youthful lips to Thee can raise?
- 3 My Father! let me then depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And let me seek to do and be
Whate'er seems good and right to Thee.
- 4 Art Thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love,
To serve Thee in Thy courts above.



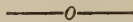
18. Examples of Early Piety.

C. M.

“Covet earnestly the best gifts.”

- 1 What blest examples do we find
In God's own Book of Truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!
- 2 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept His Father's law.

- 3 At twelve He talked with learned men,
 (And Jews all wond'ring stand).
 Yet He obeyed His mother then,
 And came at her command.
- 4 Samuel the child was early brought
 To wait upon the Lord;
 Young Timothy betimes was taught
 To know His holy Word.
- 5 Then, why should I so long delay
 What others learned so soon?
 Let me not pass another day
 Without this work begun.



19. Children Blessed by Jesus.

C. M.

“Suffer little children to come unto Me.”

- 1 When Jesus left His Father's throne,
 He chose an humble birth;
 Like us, unhonoured and unknown,
 He came to dwell on earth.
- 2 Like Him, may we be found below
 In wisdom's path of peace;
 Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,
 As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were His words, and kind His look
 As mothers round Him press'd;

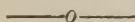
Their infants in His arms He took,
And in His bosom blessed.

4 Safe from the world's alluring charms
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus, in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie.

5 When Jesus unto Salem rode,
The children sang around ;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strewed
Their garments on the ground.

6 Hosanna, let glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King ;
If we forget the Saviour's praise,
The very stones might ring.

7 O may we learn to love His name ;—
That name divinely sweet,
Let every pulse through life proclaim,
And our last breath repeat.



20.

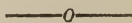
The Narrow Way.

C. M.

“ Enter ye in at the strait gate.”

1 There is a path which tends to God,—
All others lead astray ;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

- 2 It leads us through a world of sin,
 And dangers must be pass'd ;
 But those who stedfast walk therein
 Will get to heaven at last.
- 3 How shall a youthful pilgrim dare
 This dangerous path to tread ?
 For on this way are many snares
 For heedless travellers spread.
- 4 While the broad road, where thousands tread,
 Lies near and opens fair,
 And many turn aside, I dread
 To walk with sinners there.
- 5 Oh ! lest my feeble steps should slide,
 Or wander from the way,
 Lord, condescend to be my guide,
 That I may never stray.



21.

The Bible.

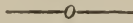
C. M.

“ How sweet are Thy words unto my taste ! yea, sweeter than
 honey to my mouth.”

- 1 Great God, with wonder and with praise
 On all Thy works we look,
 But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace,
 Shine brightest in Thy Book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll,
 May have instruction given ;

Thy holy Word informs the soul
How it may rise to heaven.

- 3 Therein are choicest treasures laid,
And soothing comfort lies ;
By this desires are satisfied,
And heavenward hopes arise.
- 4 We learn what Jesus Christ has done
To save our souls from hell ;
Not all the works on earth beside,
Such glorious wonders tell.
- 5 Then let us love our Bible still,
And ever take delight
By day to read those wonders more,
And meditate by night.



22. Searching the Scriptures.

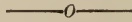
D. C. M.

“ Search the Scriptures. ”

- 1 Well may we love God's holy Word,
His precious Book of Truth,
The trusty staff of bending age,
The faithful guide of youth :
The lamp that pours a heaven-sprung light
On life's else dreary road ;
The Book that tells of Jesus' love,
And points the way to God.

2 Like music oft its words have come
 Where pain and fear have been,
 Like sunshine beaming after storm
 To gild the lowliest scene.
 With prayer let us its pages read,
 With fond and filial heart,—
 Resolved, like duteous Mary, still
 To choose the “better part.”

3 As treasure hid beneath the ground,
 Let us its meaning seek;—
 'Tis manna to the wanderer lone,
 “Glad tidings” to the weak.
 Oh! prize it now, in childhood’s hour;—
 It is thy Father’s Word;
 And ask in all thy ways to be
 A follower of thy Lord.



23.

Against Profaners.

L. M.

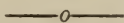
“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in
 vain.”

1 Angels that high in glory dwell,
 Adore Thy name, Almighty God!
 The wicked tremble down in hell
 Beneath the terror of Thy rod.

2 But yet how wicked children dare
 Abuse Thy great and glorious name!

And when they're angry dare to swear,
To curse their fellows and blaspheme.

- 3 Let, then, my heart be pained to hear
Sinners affront the Lord above;
The mighty God whose name we fear,
The heavenly Father we should love.

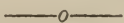


24. Against Evil Jestings.

C. M.

“ If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.”

- 1 I hate to hear a wanton song,
Such words defile my ears,
I would not dare pollute my tongue
With language such as their's.
- 2 Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.
- 3 O let me shun to walk or dwell
With careless children here;
O let me not sink down to hell
Where only sinners are.



25. Children's Prayer.

P. M.

“ Shew me Thy ways, O Lord; teach me Thy paths.”

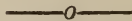
- 1 Lord, a little band and lowly,
We have come to sing to Thee:

Thou art great, and high, and holy—
Oh how solemn we should be.

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He has gone ;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do ;
And is writing down the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 May our sins be all forgiven ;
May we fear whate'er is wrong ;—
Lead us on the way to heaven
There to sing a nobler song.



26. Prayer for Guidance.

P. M.

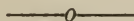
“Remember me, O Lord, with the favour which Thou bearest
unto Thy people.”

1 Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrims through this barren land ;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

2 Ope to us the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow ;

Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead us all our journey through ;
 God and Saviour !
 Be Thou still our strength and shield.

- 3 When we tread the verge of Jordan
 Let all anxious fears subside :
 Death of death, and hell's destruction
 Land us safe on Canaan's side ;
 Then our praises
 We shall ever give to Thee.



27. Heavenly Wisdom Sought.

P. M.

“The wisdom that cometh from above, which is profitable
 to direct.”

- 1 Source of life, of light, of blessing,
 Raise our thoughts to Thee above ;
 And be with us when expressing
 Grateful praises to Thy love ;
 Hear us, Father !
 Darkness from our minds remove.
- 2 Thou hast given us souls immortal,
 Minds to know, and hearts to feel ;
 Open Thou to us the portal ;
 Now Thy power and grace reveal :
 Hear us, Mightiest !
 Treasures of Thine own reveal ;—

- 3 Holy deeds in ancient story,
Wonders that the heaven unfolds ;
Traces of His boundless glory,
Who the winds and waters holds :
Benefactor !
Let each praise Thee who beholds.
- 4 Bring us to the feet of Jesus,
As the Eastern sages knelt ;
Let thy gracious Spirit free us
From the power and stains of guilt :
Blessed Jesus !
Let Thy light and power be felt.
- 5 Once Thou camest, pure and holy,
Moved by pity for our race ;
Diedst the just for the unholy,
Took'st the helpless sinner's place :
Great Redeemer !
Shed upon our souls Thy grace.
- 6 Where the saints and angels bending,
Bless Thee on the throne on high,
Hear our feeble voices blending
With their joyous minstrelsy.
Father ! keep us
By Thine ever-watchful eye.

A. R. B.

28. *The Love of Messiah.*

P. M.

“To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.”

- 1 Christ for us laid by his grandeur,
 Left the glorious heavens above ;
 Well might angels, lost in wonder,
 Strive to fathom Jesus' love.
 Hallelujah !
 We its boundless blessings prove !
- 2 Hark ! the throne of God resounding,
 Rings with high seraphic strains ;
 Millions, from our world responding,
 Fill with joy the heavenly plains.
 Hallelujah !
 Now the great Messiah reigns.

—o—

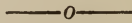
29. *The Guide of Youth.*

L. M.

“Wilt thou not cry unto me, My Father, be Thou the
 guide of my youth.”

- 1 Guide of our youth ! to Thee we cry,
 Great God ! to us be ever nigh ;
 Our minds instruct, our hearts convert,
 Nor let us Thy good ways desert.
- 2 Ten thousand snares beset the way
 To draw our heedless souls away ;
 Our wants regard, our prayers attend,
 And by Thy power and grace defend.

- 3 Blessings on those whose Christian care,
Provides for our instruction here ;
Oh let us by our conduct prove
How much we feel their watchful love.
- 4 Through life may we perform Thy will,
Our destined stations duly fill ;
Then join the friends we here have known
In livelier songs around Thy throne.



30. Prayer.—What it is?

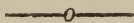
C. M.

“ Behold he prayeth.”

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;

His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold he prays."
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, in deed, and mind ;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus on th' Eternal Throne
For sinners intercedes.
- 8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.



31.

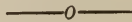
Praise.

C. M.

" Praise is comely in the upright."

- 1 Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord ;
With cherubim and seraphim,
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

- 2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
 How vast Thy gifts—how free!
 Thy blood our life,—Thy Word our feast—
 Thy Word our only plea.
- 3 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
 Our offerings to Thy throne;
 Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal things,
 But hearts to be thine own.
- 4 Hosanna! Master! once Thy ear
 Approv'd a listening throng;
 Be gracious then, and deign to hear
 Our weak but grateful song.
- 5 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost,
 By men on earth all praise be done,
 As by the angel host! Amen.



32. The Good Shepherd.

C. M.

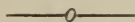
“I am the good Shepherd.”

- 1 See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands
 With all engaging charms;
 Mark! how He calls the tender lambs,
 And takes them in His arms.
- 2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name;

For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 He'll lead them to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow ;
And guide them to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care ;
And, folded in the Saviour's arms,
Is safe from every snare.



33. The Call of God.

S. M.

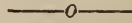
“My voice is to the children of men.”

1, Our heavenly Father calls,
The Lord invites us near,
With both is friendship sweet,
And true communion here.

2 God pities all our griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Strong to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

2 How large His bounties are,
How rich the store of good
Imparted by His hand,
And purchased by His blood !

- 4 To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, glory be ;
 As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
 To all eternity.

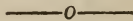


34. The Zeal of Christ.

C. M.

“ And I seek not mine own glory.”

- 1 The Saviour, what a noble flame
 Was burning in His breast,
 When, hasting to Jerusalem,
 He marched before the rest!
- 2 Good will to men, and zeal for God
 His every thought engross ;
 He longs to be baptised with blood,
 He longs to reach the cross.
- 3 With weighty sufferings full in view,
 And woes to us unknown,
 Forth to the work His spirit drew,
 'Twas love that urged Him on.



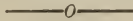
35. A Child's Request.

8s.

“ Our Father, which art in heaven.”

- 1 Lord, look upon a little child,
 By nature sinful, rude and wild ;
 O put Thy gracious hand on me,
 And make me all I ought to be.

- 2 Make me Thy child, a child of God
 Washed in my Saviour's precious blood,
 And my whole soul from sin set free,—
 A little vessel full of Thee :
- 3 A star of early dawn, and bright,
 Shining within Thy sacred light ;
 A beam of grace to all around,
 A little spot of hallowed ground.
- 4 O Jesus! take me to Thy breast,
 And bless me, that I may be blest ;
 Both when I wake and when I sleep,
 Thy little lamb in safety keep.



36.

God's Love Sought.

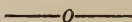
L. M.

“ Open mine eyes.”

- 1 I ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
 Nor the vain pleasures of an hour ;
 My soul aspires to nobler things
 Than all the pride and wealth of kings.
- 2 One thing I ask, O wilt Thou hear,
 And grant my soul a gift so dear ?
 Wisdom, descending from above,
 The choicest token of Thy love.
- 3 Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord,
 To fear His name, and keep his word,—

To lead my feet in paths of truth
To guide and guard my wand'ring youth.

- 4 Then, should'st Thou grant me length of days,
My life shall still proclaim Thy praise ;
Or early death my soul convey
To realms of everlasting day.



37.

At Church.

L. M.

“ A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.”

- 1 Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go ;
'Tis like a little heaven below ;
Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 Write thou upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and doctrines of Thy Word !
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this wayward heart of mine ;
That, finding pardon through His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

38. Sabbath Services.

L. M.

“Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion.”

- 1 Jesus! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is holy ground.
- 2 Shepherd of Israel! now appear ;
Renew Thy former mercies here ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The glory of Thy blessed name.
- 3 Here may we know the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and lighten care ;
Here teach our faint desire to rise,—
Accept our humble sacrifice.
- 4 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
O let Thy gracious aid be known,
And make each youthful heart Thine own.

—o—

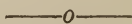
39. Seeking the Lord.

C. M.

“Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call upon Him
when He is near.”

- 1 “To-morrow I will seek the Lord,”
The sinful heart may say ;
To-morrow may not life afford,—
Go seek the Lord to-day.

- 2 Seek Him while yet He may be found,
 Seek Him in early youth ;
 Behold Him in His works around,
 And in His Book of truth.
- 3 Seek Him with the whole heart and mind,
 With due and anxious care ;
 Seek Him in thoughts of heavenly kind
 At times of praise and prayer.
- 4 Seek Him when your delights decay,
 And when they flourish, seek—
 Seek Him on every Sabbath-day,
 And through the passing week.
- 5 Seek Him, and God you'll surely find,
 And know how blest are they
 Who put the morrow from the mind,
 And seek the Lord to-day.



40.

Pardon Besought.

C. M.

“ Create in me a clean heart.”

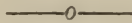
- 1 Lord, teach a little child to pray,
 Thy grace to me impart,
 And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
 Renew my youthful heart.
- 2 A sinful creature I was born,
 And from my birth have strayed ;

I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.

3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.

4 To Him let youthful pilgrims come,
For He has said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.

5 Yes! all who early seek His face,
Shall surely taste His love;
Jesus shall lead them by His grace
To dwell with Him above.



41.

Help Asked.

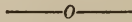
C. M.

“Jesus, Master! have mercy upon us.”

1 Shepherd of Israel! from above
Thy feeble flock behold;
O let us never lose Thy love
Or wander from Thy fold.

2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near
To guide them lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.

- 3 We need Thy help, for we are frail ;
 Thy light, for we are blind ;—
 Let grace o'er every doubt prevail
 To prove that Thou art kind.
- 4 Teach us what things we ought to know ;
 And may we find them true,
 And, as in stature we may grow,
 Increase in wisdom too.



42.

Sincerity.

C. M.

“ Let us draw near with a true heart.”

- 1 The Lord God knows when children pray :
 A whisper He can hear ;
 He knows not only what we say,
 But what we wish or fear.
- 2 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
 And words of prayer to say ;
 The heart must with the lips agree,
 Or else we do not pray.
- 3 Teach us, O God, to pray aright ;
 Thy grace to us impart,
 That we in prayer may take delight
 And serve Thee with the heart.
- 4 Then, heavenly Father, at Thy throne
 Thy praise we will proclaim,
 And gladly our requests make known
 In our Redeemer's name.

43.

Prayer for Forgiveness.

L. M.

“ Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right spirit within me.’

- 1 Shew pity, Lord : O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;—
Are not Thy mercies rich and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 Wash Thou my soul from every sin,
Make Thou my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 3 O save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still resting on Thy word,
Would fix on some sweet promise there,
Some antidote against despair.
- 4 Great God ! create my heart anew,
And make my spirit pure and true ;
May I be wise, betimes to see
My danger and the remedy.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust
And owns the solemn sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul else doomed to die.

44. The Hiding-Place.

L. M.

“A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.”

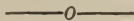
- 1 Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;
To sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our Shield and Hiding-place.
- 2 When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe His dreadful car,
Where, where shall trembling man retire,
To shun the horrors of His ire ?
- 3 'Tis He, the Lamb ! to Him we fly,
While the fierce tempest passes by :—
God sees His well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.
- 4 While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow :
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.
- 5 Yet, courage ! days and years will glide,
And we shall lay this frame aside ;
Shall boldly pass through Jordan's flood,
Having been washed in Jesus' blood :
- 6 When, pure, immortal, sinless, blest,
We, through the Lamb, shall pass to rest ;
And with the Father, face to face,
Shall need no more a hiding-place.

45. Christ is Precious.

C. M.

“ Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious.

- 1 Jesus ! we love Thy glorious name—
 'Tis music to the ear,
 Fain would we sound it out so loud
 That heaven and earth may hear.
- 2 Thou, Thou art precious to the soul—
 A transport and a trust ;
 Jewels, compared with Thee, are toys—
 And gold but sordid dust.
- 3 We'll speak the honours of Thy name,
 With the last lab'ring breath ;
 And dying clasp Thee in our arms,—
 The Antidote to death.



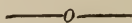
46. Welcome to Christ.

P. M.

“ Hosanna in the highest.”

- 1 Oh how shall we receive Thee,
 How greet Thee, Lord, aright ?
 All nations long to see Thee,
 Our hope, our heart's delight.
 Oh kindle, Lord most holy,
 Thy lamp within my breast,
 To do, in spirit lowly,
 That which may please Thee best.

- 2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
 And branches fresh and fair ;
 Our hearts, their songs renewing,
 An anthem shall prepare.
 Our souls put off their sadness
 Thy glories to proclaim,
 With all their strength and gladness ;
 We fain would praise Thy name.
- 3 Love caused Thine incarnation,
 Love brought Thee down to me ;
 'Twas thirst for my salvation
 That brought me liberty.
 Oh, love beyond all telling !
 That led Thee to embrace,
 Oh, love all love excelling
 Our lost and fallen race.



47.

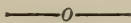
Help.

C. M.

“ Lord, help me.”

- 1 O help us Lord ; each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succour give ;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore ;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O help us, Lord, the more.

- 3 O help us through the prayer of faith
 More firmly to believe ;
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more he would receive.
- 4 O help us, Jesus, from on high ;
 We know no help but Thee ;
 O help us so to live and die,
 As Thine in heaven to be.



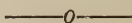
48. One is Kind.

P. M.

“There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”

- 1 One is kind above all others,
 Oh, how He loves !
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Earthly friends may pain and grieve thee,
 One day kind, the next day leave thee,
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee,
 Oh, how He loves !
- 2 Blessed Jesus, wouldst thou know Him ?
 Oh, how He loves !
 Give thyself entirely to Him,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Is it sin that pains and grieves thee ?
 Do unbelief or trials seize thee ?
 Jesus can from all relieve thee,
 Oh, how He loves !

- 3 He's thy Friend ! He died to save thee,
 Oh, how He loves !
 All through life He will not leave thee,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Think no more of friendships hollow,
 Take His easy yoke and follow,
 Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
 Oh, how He loves !
- 4 All thy sins may be forgiven,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Backward all thy foes be driven,
 Oh, how He loves !
 Every blessing He'll provide thee,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
 Safe to glory He will guide thee,
 Oh, how He loves !



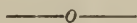
49. The Saviour's Coming.

L. M.

“ Thou shalt call His name Emmanuel.”

- 1 O blessed Lord, we call to mind
 The love that beamed upon mankind,
 And put Thy majesty away,
 Taking a form, like our's, of clay.
- 2 Born in a manger, Thou did'st know
 Hunger and thirst, and pain and woe ;
 Dwelling with sinners, suffering strife,
 Then giving up for us Thy life.

- 3 Thou dwellest now in worlds of light
 Above the sky, beyond our sight ;
 Remaining yet awhile away,
 But coming at the judgment day :
- 4 For Thou shalt come again once more,
 And not in weakness as before ;
 The earth shall quake, the trumpet sound,—
 The saints and angels stand around.
- 5 We ask Thee, Lord, to help us now
 To watch and pray, and keep our vow ;
 That then Thy words may be “ Well done,
 Come to My joy, thou faithful one.”



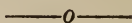
50. The Names of Christ.

C. M.

- “ His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty
 God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.”
- 1 Bright and joyful is the morn,
 For to us a Child is born ;
 From the highest realms of heaven
 Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On His shoulder He shall bear
 Power and majesty,—and wear
 On His vesture and His thigh,
 Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He,
 The incarnate Deity ;

Sire of ages, ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

- 4 Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet ;
From the manger to the throne,
Homage due to God alone.



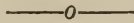
51. Praise to God.

L. M.

“ Glory be to God in the highest.”

- 1 Thee God we praise, Thee Lord confess,
Thee Father everlasting bless ;
The tribes of earth, and air, and sea,
With mingled voices worship Thee.
- 2 To Thee all angels ceaseless cry,
With all the princes of the sky ;
The cherub and the seraph join
To hymn, with thanks, Thy praise divine.
- 3 Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord of Sabaoth, Thee we sing ;
The heavens and earth are full of Thee,
Father of boundless majesty !
- 4 Thee, the apostles glorious choir,
Thee, prophets with their tongues of fire,
Thee, white-robed hosts of martyrs bright,
All serve and praise by day and night.

- 5 Thee through the earth Thy saints confess ;
Thee, Father infinite, they bless ;
Thee true, divine, and only Son ;
Thee, Holy Spirit, Three in One.



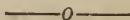
52. The Divine Holiness.

P. M.

“Holiness becometh Thine house.”

- 1 Holy ! holy ! holy !
Almighty God art Thou ;
To Thee the many tribes of earth,
And angel armies bow.
- 2 Holy ! holy ! holy !
To Thee the seraphs cry,—
The earth is of Thy glory full,
Lord of the Hosts on high.
- 3 Holy ! holy ! holy !
O Father, Spirit, Son,
The ransom'd of the Lord praise Thee,
Thou high and holy one.
- 4 Holy ! holy ! holy !
High is Thy dwelling, Lord !
Yet dwellst Thou with the contrite man,
Who trembles at Thy word.
- 5 Holy ! holy ! holy !
To Thee all praise be given :

O make us fit to dwell with Thee,
And bring us, Lord, to heaven.



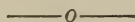
53. The Birth of Christ.

P. M.

“Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour
which is Christ the Lord.”

- 1 Hark ! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King !”
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th’ angelic host proclaim—
Christ is born in Bethlehem !
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin’s womb.
- 4 Lo, He lays His glory by ;
Born, that men no more might die ;
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
Born, to give them second birth.
- 5 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Sun of righteousness !
Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to men He brings.

- 6 Let us then with angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King,
 Glory in the highest heaven,
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven.



54. The Lowliness of Christ.

P. M.

“ Though He was rich, yet for your sake he became poor.”

- 1 Low the infant Saviour lies !
 He appears in humble guise ;
 Yet by faith we read the words,
 “ King of kings, and Lord of lords !”
- 2 See ! He stands despised, forlorn,
 Object there of wrath and scorn ;
 Still to Him belong the words—
 “ King of kings, and Lord of lords !”
- 3 He who wears the thorny crown,
 He on whom His foes look down,
 Yet demands of right the words—
 “ King of kings, and Lord of lords !”
- 4 On the cross 'tis still the same,
 His is still the mighty name ;
 Clear His title to the words—
 “ King of kings, and Lord of lords !”
- 5 Past the conflict of His love,
 See ! He takes His place above ;
 On His vesture shine the words—
 “ King of kings, and Lord of lords !”

55. Following Jesus.

S. M.

“Leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps.”

1 O Saviour ! in Thy name,
Most Mighty and Most High !
Help us to urge a claim ;
Hear Thou our earnest cry.

2 We ask of Thee for grace
The conflict to endure ;—
Aid our else helpless case,
Be our salvation sure.

3 Thou, who on Tabor's height
Shon'st forth in royal guise ;
Who gav'st the blind their sight
Who bad'st the dead arise ;

4 Thou who did'st tread our earth,
Weary and faint, to die ;
Thou, though of Virgin born,
Yet Son of God most high ;—

5 Give us the contrite heart,
Impart the willing mind
To choose the better part,
And crowns of life to find.

A. R. B.

56.

Christ's Eternal Love.

P. M.

“ My delights were with the sons of men.

- 1 Ere God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills ;
Before He filled the fountains
That feed the running rills ;
His Son did thus admeasure
His love for sinners then,—
“ Myself the Father's pleasure,
And Thine the sons of men.”
- 2 Jesus ! these words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace ;
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race !
Thy gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were seen above ;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.
- 3 And could'st Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who when they saw Thee, slighted,
And nail'd Thee to a tree ?
Unfathomable wonder !
Oh, mystery divine !
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says “ Sinner, I am thine !”

57. *The Lord of Mercy.*

P. M.

“ Who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them
that are out of the way.”

- 1 Lord of mercy! Lord of might!
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
 Jesus! hear and save!
- 2 God Almighty! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled—
 Jesus! hear and save!
- 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,—
 Jesus! hear and save!
- 4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,—
 Jesus! hear and save!

—o—

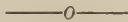
58. *A Litany.*

7's.

“ Who gave Himself for us, to redeem us from iniquity.”

- 1 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy griefs, and sighs, and tears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness.

- 2 By Thy vict'ries in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power—
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear and save us when we cry.
- 3 By Thy woe intensely great,
Agony and bloody sweat,
By Thy robe and crown of scorn,
Rudely offered, meekly worn ;
- 4 By the scandal and the shame
Cast upon Thy honoured name—
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear and save us when we cry.
- 5 By Thy passion, cross, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,
By Thy power from death to save,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Jesus! Saviour of the lost!
Sender of the Holy Ghost,
Look on us with pitying eye,
Hear and save us when we cry.



59.

Jesus on the Cross.

P. M. 7's.

“ There they crucified Him.”

- 1 Lo! at noon 'tis sudden night ;
Darkness covers all the sky,

Rocks are rending at the sight :

Can you tell the reason why ?

What can all these wonders be ?

Jesus dies on Calvary !

2 Nailed upon the cross, behold

How His tender limbs are torn ;

For a royal crown of gold

They have made Him one of thorn—

Cruel hands, that dared to bind

Thorns upon a brow so kind.

3 See! the blood is flowing fast

From His forehead and His side ;

Hark! He now has breathed His last ;

With a mighty groan He died.—

Do you know the reason why ?

Jesus Christ stooped down to die !

4 He who was a King above,

Left His kingdom for a grave ;

Such His pity and His love,

That the guilty He might save,

Down to this dark world He came

To triumph o'er the cross and shame.

—o—

60. The Accursed Tree—A Tree of
 Blessing.

P. M. 6's.

“ It pleased the Lord to bruise Him ; He hath put Him
to grief.”

1 Bound upon th' accursed tree

Faint and bleeding, who is He ?

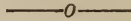
By the eyes so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood and writhing limb—
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierced,
 By the baffled burning thirst,
 By the drooping death-dew'd brow,—
 Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

2 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He?
 By the sun at noonday pale,
 Shivering rocks and rending veil,
 By earth that trembles at His doom,
 By yonder saints that burst their tomb,—
 By Eden, promised ere He died,
 To the felon at His side,—
 Lord! our suppliant knees we bow—
 Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou !

3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Sad and dying, who is He?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 The ghost given up in agony ;
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chambers of the dead—
 By the mourners come to weep
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep,—
 Crucified! we know Thee now,
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou !

4 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He ?

By the prayer for them that slew,
 "Lord! they know not what they do!"
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,
 By the souls He died to save,
 By the conquest He hath won,
 By the saints around His throne,
 By the rainbow round His brow,—
 Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!



61. *It is Finished.*

P. M.

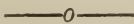
"He gave up the Ghost."

- 1 Hark the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky;
 "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 That which prophets long predicted,
 That which legal sacrifice
 Only shadow'd, not effected,
 That which justice satisfies;
 Now "'Tis finished!"
 So the dying Saviour cries.
- 3 O the life, the peace, the pleasure
 Which these precious words record!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

“ It is finished ! ”

Saints ! the dying words record.

- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs !
 Sound aloud Immanuel's fame ;
 All creation, swell the chorus,
 These delightful words proclaim,
 “ It is finished ! ”
 Glory ! glory ! to His name.



62. Christ's Sacrifice remembered. P. M. 8's.

“ Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin
 of the world.”

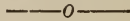
- 1 A time to watch, a time to pray,
 A day of wonders was that day ;
 The saddest, yet the sweetest too,
 That man or angel ever knew.
- 2 The saddest,—for the Saviour bore
 His death, that we might die no more ;
 The agony, the scourge, the fear,
 The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear.
- 3 And yet the sweetest,—for that day
 The load of sin was borne away ;
 And hope of joy that never dies
 Sprang from the Saviour's sacrifice.
- 4 Like straying sheep we wandered wide,
 Thy law had broke, Thy name defied ;

On Thee Thy people's guilt was laid,
By Thee the mighty debt was paid.

5 O Saviour, blessed be Thy name!

Thine is the glory, ours the shame;
As mighty pains Thy love endured,
O let our many sins be cured.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



63.

Mercy.

P. M.

“Look unto Me, and be ye saved.”

1 As the serpent raised by Moses

Heal'd the burning serpent's bite,
Jesus thus Himself discloses

To the wounded sinner's sight;
Hear His gracious invitation,—

“I have life and peace to give;
I have wrought out full salvation;
Sinner! look to Me and live!

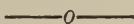
2 “Mercy now reject no longer,

Mercy reigns to pardon guilt;
Lo, My love than death is stronger;
I My blood have freely spilt.

Though your heart has long been harden'd,
Look on Me,—it soft may grow;

Past transgressions may be pardon'd
I can wash you white as snow.

- 3 "I have seen what you were doing,
Though you little thought of Me;
You were madly bent on ruin,
But I said, It shall not be!
See! your sins are all forgiven,
I have paid the countless sum!
Now My death hath open'd heaven—
Thither you shall shortly come!"



64.

Christ our Sacrifice.

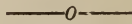
S. M.

"By His own blood, He entered in once into the holy place."

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine;
While as a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,

When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.



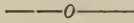
65. Christ is Risen.

P. M. 7's.

“The Lord is risen indeed.”

- 1 “Christ the Lord is risen to-day,”
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joyful songs on high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the storm, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids Him rise,—
Christ has opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
“Where, O death? is now thy sting?”
Once He died, our souls to save,
“Where's thy victory, boasting grave?”

- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.



66.

Praise to Jesus.

P. M. 7's.

“Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for evermore”

- 1 Hail! by all Thy works adored!
 Hail! Thou everlasting Lord!
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
 Lord of power, and God of love!
- 2 Christ our Lord and God we own—
 Christ the Father's only Son;
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending men.
- 3 Powerful Advocate with God,
 Justify us by Thy blood;
 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;
 Hear, Thy saints' atonement Thou!
- 4 Hear, for Thou, O Christ! alone,
 With Thy gracious Sire, art One;
 One, the Holy Ghost, with Thee
 One Supreme, Eternal Three.

67. *The King of Glory.*

L. M.

“The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.”

- 1 The Lord hath risen from the dead ;
 Thou, Jesus! hast gone up on high—
 The powers of hell hast captive led
 Up to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There Thy triumphant chariot waits,
 There, angels chant the joyful lay,—
 “Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!”
- 3 Unfold the gates of radiant light,
 Disclose the wide and glowing scene ;
 He claims these mansions as His right ;
 Admit the King of glory in.
- 4 “Who is the King of glory?” Who?
 The Lord that all His foes o’ercame :—
 The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew :
 Lord Jesus in the Conqueror’s name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits ;
 Lo! angels chant the solemn lay,—
 “Lift up your heads, ye golden gates!
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!”
- 6 “Who is the King of glory?” Who?
 The Lord, of boundless power possess’d ;
 The King of saints, of angels too ;
 God over all, for ever bless’d!

68.

Praise for Redemption.

L. M.

“ We have not an High Priest, who is not touched with a feeling of our infirmities.”

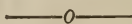
- 1 Now let us join with hearts and tongues
To emulate the angels' songs :
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.
- 2 They praise the Lamb that once was slain,
But we can add a nobler strain ;
Nor only say “ He suffered thus,”
But, that He suffer'd all for us.”
- 3 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die ;
And still He makes it His abode ;
As man He fills the throne of God.
- 4 Our next of kin, our Brother now
Is He to whom the angels bow ;
Who join with us to praise His name,
While we a nearer interest claim.
- 5 Oh, happy hour ! it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see His face who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can.

69. The Story of Old.

P. M.

"To us a Child is born."

- 1 I think as I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
 I should like to have been with Him then.
 I wish that His arms had been placed on my head,
 That His arm had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look when
 He said,
 "Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share of His love;
 And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and praise Him above,
 In that radiant home He has gone to prepare,
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 For many dear children are gathering there,
 Of whom is "the kingdom of heaven."



70. Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

C. M.

"He is Lord of all."

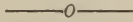
- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem
 And crown Him Lord of all!
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call;

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye saints redeem'd of Adam's race!
Ye ransom'd from the fall!
Hail Him who sav'd you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this celestial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
There join the everlasting song
And crown Him Lord of all!



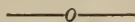
71. *Hail to the Lord's Anointed.* P. M. 6's.

“Of the increase of His government and peace there shall
be no end.”

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son.
Hail! in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

- 2 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
And joy, and hope, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains,
 Shall Peace the herald go ;
And Righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.
- 3 Arabia's desert ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at His feet.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 Shall gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing ;
For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 5 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
 More blessing and more blest.
The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;

His name shall stand for ever,
His great best name of Love.



72. *The Morning Light.* P. M. 6's.

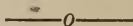
“I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright
and morning star.”

- 1 The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears ;
The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears ;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
 Aroused to Zion's war.

- 2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love ;
And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude and love ;
While sinners, now confessing,
 The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
 A nation in a day.

- 3 Blest river of salvation !
 Pursue thine onward way ;
Flow on to every nation,
 Nor in thy brightness stay.
Stay not, till all the lowly
 In triumph reach their home ;

Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord has come."



73. Glory to God on High.

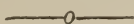
P. M.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour,
and power."

- 1 Glory to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply;
Praise ye His name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load;
Praise ye His name!
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won;
Sing His great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

4 What though we change our place,
 Yet we shall never cease
 Praising His name!
 To Him our songs we bring,
 Hail Him our gracious King,
 And without ceasing sing,
 Worthy the Lamb!

5 Then let the hosts above,
 In realms of endless love
 Still praise His name!
 To Him ascribed be
 Honour and majesty
 Through all eternity;
 Worthy the Lamb!



74. *The Saviour's Guidance.* P.M. 8.7.4.6.

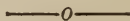
“My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they
 follow Me.”

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
 Much we need Thy tender care;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare,
 Blessed Jesus!
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and needy though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse and keep us free ;
 Blessed Jesus !
 Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favour ;
 Early let us do Thy will !
 Gracious Lord, and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill ;
 Blessed Jesus !
 Thou hast loved us,—love us still.



75. One above all others.

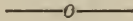
P. M.

“ The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.”

- 1 One there is above all others,
 Best deserves the name of Friend ;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end !
 They who once His kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.
- 2 When He lived on earth abased,
 “ Friend of sinners” was His name ;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the claim ;
 Still He calls them “ brethren,” “ friends,”
 And to all their wants attends.
- 3 Could we bear from one another
 What He daily bears from us ?

Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
 Loves us, though we treat Him thus ;
 Though for good we render ill
 He accounts us brethren still.

- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas ! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above :
 Yet if home our souls are brought
 We will love Thee as we ought.



76. I lay my Sins on Jesus. S. M.

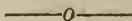
“ He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for our’s only.”

- 1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God ;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a stain remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
 All fulness dwells in Him ;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine ;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on his breast recline.
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ the Lord ;
 Like fragrance on the breezes
 His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.



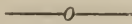
77. The Voice of Christ.

C. M.

“ But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared.”

1 How long the time since Christ began
 To call in vain on me !
 Deaf to His warning voice, I ran
 The paths of vanity.

- 2 He call'd me when my thoughtless prime
 Was early prone to ill;
 I pass'd from folly on to crime,
 And yet He called me still.
- 3 He call'd me in the time of dread,
 When death was full in view;
 I trembl'd on my feverish bed,
 Yet rose to sin anew.
- 4 Yet could I hear Him once again,
 As I have heard of old,
 Methinks He would not call in vain
 The wand'rer to the fold.
- 5 O King of grace! our wills control
 And hear our earnest vow;
 Let light break in upon each soul,
 And may we hear Thee now.
- 6 Now, ere the coming shadows close,
 And days of grace are past;
 In Thee our weary souls repose,
 Lead Thou us home at last.



78.

Looking at the Cross.

C. M.

“Blessed be the Lord, because He hath heard the voice of
 my supplications.”

- 1 In evil long I took delight,
 Unaw'd by shame or fear,

Till a new object met my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree
In agony and blood,
Who fix'd His anguish'd eyes on me
As near the cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

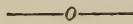
4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sin His blood had spilt
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 Another look He gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die, that thou mayest live."

7 Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its darkest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
 My spirit now is filled,
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by Him I killed.



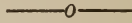
79. The Wondrous Story.

P. M.

“ Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor.”

- 1 I have heard the wondrous story
 When the Book of life is read,
 How the Lord of life and glory
 Had not where to lay His head.
- 2 How He left the throne in heaven
 Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
 That my soul might be forgiven
 And ascend to God on high.
- 3 If I worship God, who gave me
 Life and health, and all things here,
 Should not He who died to save me
 To my soul be very dear?
- 4 Jesus Christ! my Lord and Saviour,
 Let me not ungrateful be ;
 In my words and my behaviour,
 May I truly honour Thee.
- 5 Father, let Thy Holy Spirit
 Seal to me a Saviour's love,
 And prepare me to inherit
 Glory where He reigns above ;

That with saints and angels dwelling,
 I may there His love proclaim,
 And with them be evertelling
 All the wonders of His name.



80.

Confessing Christ.

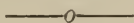
L. M.

“Whoever will confess Me before men, him will I confess
 before My Father.”

- 1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
 Asham'd of Thee! whom angels praise,
 Whose glory shines through endless days.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star;—
 Who shed His beams of light divine
 On this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon;—
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
 Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
 O let this rather be my shame
 That I not more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,

No fears to quell, no good to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

- 6 Asham'd of Jesus! let me joy
To find from Him some meet employ
While upon earth, and seek to prove
The depth and fulness of my love.



81. Christ an Example.

L. M.

“Leaving us an example that we should follow His steps.”

- 1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in Thy Word;
But in Thy life Thy law doth shine
With power and splendour most divine.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal—
Such deference to Thy Father's will—
Such love, and meekness so divine,—
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my Pattern. May I bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
And may the Judge proclaim my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

82. Praise to Jesus.

P. M.

“He shall reign.”—“To Him be glory both now and for ever.”

- 1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Who did'st suffer to release us,
And our full salvation bring.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
- 3 Now Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;—
Open'd now the gate of heaven,
Peace secured 'tween man and God.
- 4 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
- 5 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost a place prepare
For thy chosen, interceding
Till in glory they appear.
- 6 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

83.

Redemption.

S. M.

“Thou hast redeemed us unto God by Thy blood.”

- 1 Raise your triumphal songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing now Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade Him raise our ruin'd race
From the abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes His brow,
Nor bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
Take now the offer'd grace.
- 6 Lord, we obey Thy call,
And plead in humble claim
The great salvation Thou hast wrought
That we may praise Thy name.

84.

Rest in Jesus.

C. M.

“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and
I will give you rest.”

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 “Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast.”
I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting place
 And He has made me glad.

- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say
 “Behold ! I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one
 Stoop down, and drink, and live.”
I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd,
 And now I live in Him.

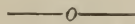
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 “ I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
 And all thy day be bright.”
I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him, my star, my sun,
And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

85. Joy over the Penitent.

L. M.

“ Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.”

- 1 Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born.
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of His agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The soul that He hath formed anew ;
The saints and angels joy to sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

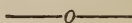


86. Fleeing from Wrath.

C. M.

- 1 This world is all enchanted ground ;
Oh, whither shall I fly ?
The vengeful flames are kindling round,
And if I stop, I die.
- 2 When some kind hand has brought me forth,
How ling'ring is my pace !
Lord, drive me not away in wrath,
But draw me by Thy grace.

- 3 Oh, let me not a moment waste
On this destructive plain!
Hence let me flee with greater haste
Till I the refuge gain!



87.

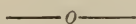
Jesus Waiting.

L. M.

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me.”

- 1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;—
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! for He shows
This generous goodness to His foes.
- 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest:
Nor mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.
- 4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway,—
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

- 5 Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace!
Still may Thy gentle reign increase;
Be all our hearts to Thee resigned,
And be Thine empire all mankind.



88. Turning from the World. C. M.

“Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

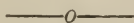
- 1 Hail, Church of Christ! bought with His blood,
The world we freely leave;
Ye children of the living God,
Us to your tents receive.
- 2 Bride of the Lamb! we're one in heart
With thee, through boundless grace;
And we would never from thee part,
Or let this love decrease.
- 3 Closely we'd follow Christ with thee;
We'd go the safest road;
Thy people shall our people be,
And thine shall be our God.
- 4 Nor would we seek to change our lot
For all the world can give;
Through grace we'll keep the place we've got,
And only to Thee cleave.

89. The Wandering Sheep. S. M.

“Ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned
unto the Shepherd and Bishop of souls.”

- 1 I was a wandering sheep,—
 I did not like the fold,
I did not love the Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controll'd.
- 2 I was a wayward child,—
 I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
 But chose afar to roam.
- 3 The Shepherd chose His sheep,
 The Father sought His child ;
They follow'd me o'er dale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild.
- 4 They found me nigh to death,
 Famish'd and faint and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
 They sav'd the wandering one.
- 5 They spoke in gentle love ;
 They rais'd my drooping head ;
They gently clos'd my bleeding wounds ;
 My fainting soul They fed.
- 6 They cleans'd my stains away ;
 They made me pure and fair ;
They brought me to my home in peace,—
 The long sought wanderer !

- 7 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that lov'd my soul ;
 'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole :
- 8 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 And found the roving sheep ;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that safe doth keep.
- 9 I was a wandering sheep,—
 I would not be controll'd ;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,—
 I love, I love the fold.
- 10 I was a wayward child,—
 I once preferr'd to roam ;
 But now I love my Father's voice,—
 I love, I love His home.



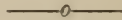
90. Children in Heaven.

P. M.

“ Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid
 them not.”

- 1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
 Ten thousand children stand,
 Whose sins are all through Christ forgiven,
 A holy, happy band.
- 2 What brought them to that heaven above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace and joy, and love?
 How came these children there?

- 3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
 To wash away their sin ;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean.
- 4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved His name ;
 And now they see His blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb.



91. Jesus Coming.

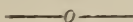
P. M. 7's.

“ Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me ? ”

- 1 Hark ! my soul, it is the Lord !
 'Tis the Saviour, hear His word ;—
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
 “ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ? ”
- 2 “ I delivered thee when bound,
 I, when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right ;
 Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 “ Can a woman's tender care
 Quit the helpless babe she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 “ Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above ;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love Thee, and adore:
O for grace to love Thee more!



92. For a Blessing on the Word.

L. M.

"Through Thy precepts I get understanding: therefore
I hate every false way."

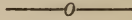
1 O God, Thy grace and blessing give
To us who on Thy Word attend,
Lest we this mortal life may live
Regardless of our journey's end.

2 Teach us to know that Jesus died
And rose again, our souls to save;
Teach us to take Him as our Guide,
Our help from childhood to the grave.

3 Oh let not death with terror come,
But welcome as a pleasing guest;
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.

4 And when the awful signs appear
Of judgment and the throne above,

Our hearts still fix'd, may we not fear,
With God our trust, for God is love.



93.

Jesus' Names.

C. M.

“His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty
God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.”

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing Treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Kinsman, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

94. The Lord's Supper.

C. M.

“ This do ye, in remembrance of Me.

- 1 According to Thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
This would I do, my dying Lord,
 I would remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be,
Thy testamental cup I'd take,
 And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
 Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
 I must remember Thee;
- 5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
 And all Thy love to me!
Yes! while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Would I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee;
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
 O Lord, remember me.

95. *The One Family.*

C. M.

“Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens
with the saints, and of the household of God.”

- 1 Let saints below in concert join
 With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
 In heaven and earth are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him ;
 One Church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
 And part are passing now.
- 4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home
 Are swiftly borne away ;
And we must to the margin come,
 And soon must launch as they.
- 5 Lord Jesus ! be our constant guide ;
 Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

96.

Jesus shall Reign.

L. M.

“He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.”

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Shall his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
The sons of want and woe are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels ! descend with songs again, ^
And earth ! repeat the loud Amen.

97. *The Saviour's Help.*

P. M. 7s.

“ We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.”

- 1 When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear ;

- 3 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

- 4 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit sinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

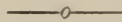
- 5 Thou the shame, the grief hast known ;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

98. Cleaving to Christ.

C. M.

“Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away?”

- 1 When any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas! what numbers do!)
 Methinks we hear a Saviour say,
 “Wilt thou forsake Me too?”
- 2 Thou only hast the power, we know
 To set the sinner free;
 To whom, or whither can we go
 If we should turn from Thee?
- 3 No voice but Thine can give us rest,
 Or bid our fears depart;
 No love but Thine can make us blest,
 Or satisfy the heart.
- 4 And shouldst Thou ask us, blessed Lord,
 “Will ye, too, also go?”
 Relying on Thy faithful word,
 We humbly answer, “No.”



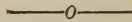
99. God a Help.

C. M.

“As thy days, so shall thy strength be.”

- 1 When on the aching, burden'd heart,
 My sins lie heavily,
 Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,—
 Good Lord! remember me.

- 2 When trials sore obstruct the way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 O let my strength be as my day,—
 Good Lord! remember me.
- 3 If for Thy sake, upon my name
 Shame and reproach shall be,
 All hail, reproach! and welcome shame!
 Good Lord! remember me.
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
 This feeble body see;
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief—
 Good Lord! remember me.



100.

Missionary Hymn.

P. M.

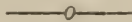
“Freely ye have received, freely give.”

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down the golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,

Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strewn,
 The heathen, in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high ;
 Can we to those benighted
 The lamp of light deny ?
 Salvation ! O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.



101. The Cry of the Heathen.

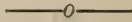
P. M.

“How shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed ? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they not heard ?”

1 Hark ! what mean those lamentations
 Rolling sadly through the sky ?

'Tis the cry of heathen nations,—
 “Come and help us, or we die!”

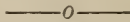
- 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining,
 Christians, hear their dying cry;
 And, the love of Christ constraining,
 Join to help them ere they die!



102. *Prayer for Gospel Light.* L. M.

“The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.”

- 1 From all that dwell beneath the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise,
 And the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends Thy Word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

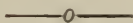


103. *The Flight of Time.* C. M.

“My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.”

- 1 Time! what an empty vapour 'tis,
 And days, how swift they are;
 Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
 Or like a shooting star.

- 2 Our life is ever on the wing,
 And death is ever nigh;
 The moment that our lives begin,
 We then begin to die.
- 3 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
 Thy precious favours share;
 And with the beauties of Thy grace
 Thou crown'st the circling year.
- 4 Thy loving-kindness finds us food,
 Then beckons us above,
 For grace stands pointing out the road
 To bring us nearer God.



104. The Shortness of Life.

S. M.

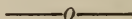
“ This I say, brethren, the time is short.”

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls
 That hastens to the sea;
 How strong the tide that bears our souls
 On to eternity.
- 2 Our fathers, where are they?
 With all they called their own;—
 Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares,
 Their wealth and honour gone!
- 3 There where the fathers lie,
 Must all the children dwell,

Nor heritage on earth possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers! hear,
Thou everlasting Friend ;
When we, on life's extremest verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We stand before Thy face.



105.

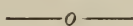
A New Year's Hymn.

S. M.

“ Thy mercies are new every morning.”

- 1 God of Eternity !
Who wast ere time begun,
And, ever changeless, still shalt be
When time its course hath run.
- 2 To Thee we meekly pray,
Father of love and power !
O hear us, whose brief passing day
Fades like a drooping flower.
- 3 Deep-laden with our sin,
Another year has flown ;
How dark our countless sins have been
Is known to Thee alone.

- 4 Yet, Jesus! at Thy feet
 In thankful joy we fall,
 That Thy one sacrifice complete,
 Once hath atoned for all.
- 5 O lead us to Thy cross ;
 Our souls in mercy bend ;
 Teach us to view the world as loss,
 And keep us to the end.



106. Jerusalem Above.

C. M.

“ Ye are come unto Mount Zion, the city of the living God,
 the heavenly Jerusalem.”

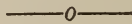
- 1 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and praise, and Thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 Thy streets of shining gold ?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall we thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths never end ?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know ;

Bless'd seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
We onward press to you.

5 Why should we shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
We've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around the Saviour stand ;
And soon our friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem ! our happy home !
Our souls still pant for thee !
When shall our labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall we see ?



107.

The Better Land.

C. M.

“ And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him.”

1 There is a land of pure delight
Where saints in glory reign ;
A land where day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers ;—

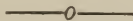
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger, fearful, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we but those doubts remove,
And gloomy fears that rise,
Could see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes ;

6 Could we but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.



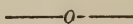
108. The Loss of Friends.

C. M.

“ And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write,
Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

1 Why do we mourn departing friends ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 The Vanquisher of doom.
- 3 The graves of all His saints He bless'd,
 And soften'd every bed;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their living Head?
- 4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And show'd our feet the way;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
 At the great rising day.
- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise:
 Awake! ye nations under ground!
 Ye saints, ascend the skies!



109.

Sleeping in Jesus.

L. M.

“I would not have you ignorant concerning them that are asleep.”

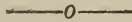
- 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep;
 From which none ever wake to weep!
 A calm and undisturb'd repose,
 A safe retreat from all their foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!

With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
Nor fear, nor woe, can mar that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful portion be!
Securely may my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects that guarded resting-place;
On Indian plains, on Lapland's snows,
Believers find the same repose.



110.

The Happy Land.

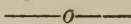
P. M.

“And there shall be no night there.”

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing
“Worthy is our Saviour King!”
Loud let His praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away ;
 Why will ye doubting stand ?
 Why still delay ?
 O we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall reign with Thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
 Beams ev'ry eye :
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 On, then, to glory run ;
 Be a crown and kingdom won ;
 And bright above the sun,
 Reign, reign for aye.



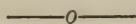
111. Christ on High.

S. M.

“ Thou hast ascended on high ; Thou hast led captivity
 captive.”

1 Thou art gone up on high !
 To mansions in the skies ;
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.
 While we are ling'ring here,
 With sin and care oppress'd ;
 Lord ! send the promis'd Comforter,
 And take us to Thy rest.

- 2 Thou art gone up on high !
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter misery,
 To pass unto Thy crown.
 Begirt by grief and fears
 Our onward course may be ;
 But let us through that path of tears
 Attain at last to Thee !
- 3 Thou art gone up on high !
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.
 O! by Thy gracious power,
 Make us to live and die,
 That we may stand at that dread hour,
 At Thy right hand on high.



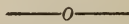
112. *The Second Coming.*

L. M.

“ Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him.”

- 1 The Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake,
 The mountains to their centre shake ;
 And with'ring from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come ! but not the same
 As once in lowly form He came—
 A silent Lamb before His foes,
 A weary man, and full of woes.

- 3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form!
 With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Anointed Judge of human kind!
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway;
 Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,
 The Nazarene, the Crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call—
 "Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
 The saints, ascending from the tomb,
 Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"



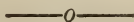
113. The Judgment Day.

L. M.

"He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness."

- 1 That day of wrath, that dreadful day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away!
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!
- 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,

Jesus! be Thou the sinner's stay,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.



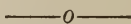
114. Christ's Second Coming. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

“Amen—Even so come, Lord Jesus!”

- 1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Jesus comes from heaven to reign.
- 2 Hark! I hear the distant thunder
Sound aloud from yonder sky:
See Him cleave the clouds asunder—
Fast and far the lightnings fly!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
God our Saviour now is nigh.
- 3 Every eye shall then behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Shall the great Messiah see.
- 4 Blest redemption, long expected!
See! His solemn pomp to share,

All His saints by man rejected,
 Rise to meet Him in the air ;
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 See the Son of God is there !

5 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne,
 Saviour ! worlds bow down before Thee !
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own :
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Come and make Thy glories known.



115.

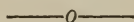
Signs of Judgment.

7's.

“ Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and
 ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord.”

- 1 In the sun, and moon, and stars,
 Signs and wonders there shall be,
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,
 Nations all shall troubled be.
- 2 Then shall ocean's hoary deep
 Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise ;
 Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
 Louder thunder shake the skies.
- 3 Dread alarm shall shake the proud,
 Pale amazement, restless fear ;
 And, amid the thunder-cloud,
 Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But though from His awful face,
 Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
 Fear not shall His chosen race,—
 Full redemption draweth nigh.



116. *The Little Travellers.* P. M.

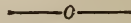
“Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,
 for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

1 Little travellers Zionward,
 Each one entering into rest,
 In the kingdom of our Lord,
 In the mansions of the blest,—
 Them to welcome Jesus waits,
 Gives the crown His followers win :
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
 Let the little travellers in !

2 Who are they whose patient feet,
 Pacing life's dark journey through,
 Have attained the heavenly seat
 They had ever kept in view ?
 “I, from Greenland's frozen land,”—
 “I, from India's burning plain,”—
 “I, from Afric's desert sand,”—
 “I, from islands of the main !”

3 Now, the earthly journey past,
 Every tear and pain gone by,
 They together meet at last,
 At the portals of the sky ;

Each, the welcome voice awaits—
 Conqu'rors over death and sin ;
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
 Let the little travellers in !



117.

Dismissions.

“ The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.—
 Amen.”

I.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing :
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 Hallelujah !
 O refresh us with Thy blessing !
 O refresh us with Thy grace !

II.

O may we stand before the Lamb,
 When earth and seas are fled,
 And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
 With blessings on our head !

III.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

IV.

Bless'd be Jehovah, Israel's God,
To all eternity ;
Let all the people say, Amen.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

V.

To Thine anointed Son
Our songs, O God, we raise ;
To Thee, O Father, God of love,
We'll render endless praise.

VI.

Now blessed be the Lord our God,
The God of Israel,
For He alone doth wondrous works
In glory that excel.
And blessed be His glorious name
To all eternity :
The whole earth let His glory fill,
Amen, so let it be.

VII.

Worthy, the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
For He was slain for us.
To Him be power divine ascrib'd,
And endless blessings paid :
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on His head.

VIII.

To Him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be glory evermore.

THE END.





